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Sims Reeves' illustrated song book

London

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SIMS REEVES'
ILLUSTRATED
SONG BOOK.

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LONDON:
PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY W. S. JOHNSON,
60, St. Martin's Lane, Charing Cross.

SOME POETS PRAISE.

Some poets praise the violet's hue,
Some the lily's whiteness,
Some Scotland's bells of bonny blue,
Some the rose's brightness,
But oh, give me the heather bloom,
That's on the wild leaf blowing;
So sweet it scatters its perfume,
Where thorns and weeds are growing.

Some poets praise the mignonette,
Some the honey flower,
Though there's a sweeter fragrance yet
Within a jasmine bower;
But oh, give me the heather bloom,
That's on the wild heath blowing;
So sweet it scatters its perfume,
Where thorns and weeds are growing.

SHELLS OF THE OCEAN.

One summer eve, with pensive thought,
I wandered by the sea-beat shore,
Where oft in heedless infant sport,
I gathered shells in days before.

The splashing waves like music fell
Responsive to my fancy wild;
A dream came o'er me like a spell—
I thought I was again a child.

I stoop'd upon the pebbly strand,
To cull the toys that round me lay;
But as I took them in my hand,
I threw them one by one away.
"Oh! thus" I said, "in every stage,
By toys our fancy is beguil'd;
We gather shells from youth to age,
And then we leave them like a child."

Agnes.

From "David Copperfield."

Words by E. T. Watteon.

My ever gentle Agnes,
My friend in former years;
Oh! why that look of sadness?
Come, dry away those tears.
But for your voice, dear Agnes,
I might have gone astray,
Led on by youthful madness,
Till lost in Folly's way.

My self-denying Agnes,
You loved me when I came
To tell you with such gladness,
I loved another's name.
You hid your love, sweet Agnes,
Lest I should be distrest'd,
To find I had caused sadness
Within your loving breast.

You were her comfort, Agnes,
When called to her bed-side,
She wished none but you, Agnes,
Should fill her place—and died.
Three dreary years of sadness,
Since Dora lived, have fled;
Fulfil her wish, dear Agnes—
The last wish of the dead.

Should Dora look down, Agnes,
From her bright home above,
And see us blest, dear Agnes—
Blest with each other's love,
She'll raise a song of gladness,
That you she loved in life,
Fill her place now, my Agnes—
My loving, tender wife.

Jenny Wren.

Words by Henry Howard Paul. Sung by Miss O'Connor.

Pretty Jenny Wren!
She sits at her lattice o'ergrowing with flowers,
Where myrtles and woodbines are twining in bow'rs!
Her voice is as sweet as the lute's richest strain,
She warbles, then tires, & then warbles again.
Her notes are so lovely, so earnest and clear,
The birds and the butterflies oft pause to hear,
They love her gay flowers, her songs and her lays,
And trill their sweet notes as an off'ring of praise.
Pretty Jenny Wren! pretty Jenny Wren!
They trill their sweet notes, &c.

Pretty Jenny Wren!
The rich dimpling blossoms that grow round her sill
The soft gentle zephyrs with mild perfume fill;
A sunbeam is nestling 'mid folds of her hair,
'Twould seem that an angel had rested it there.
A tulip is bending in graceful attire,
Just resting its stem on the strings of her lyre;
Its bud nodding o'er to her lips mid the leaves,
A kiss for its fondness & beauty receives.
Pretty Jenny Wren! pretty Jenny Wren!
A kiss for its fondness, &c.

Little Rose.

Words by Henry H. Paul. Sung by Miss Rosalie Cline.

Little Rose is full of mischief,
Laughing all the live-long day;
Merry as a chirping cricket,
That mid flowers loves to stray.
Ringlets floating round her forehead,
Give her such a dreamy air,
Expression seem to say, half-parted,
"Come and kiss me if you dare."

Little Rose is fresh and blooming,
How ideal is her form;
Gentle, kind, and full of goodness,
And a heart that's true and warm.
Then her voice so sweet and winsome,
Ah, it is some fairy dream!
Tones like silver linger round me
As the music of a stream.

Little Rose lives in a cottage,
All embowered in a dell;
Front of white, and wall of woodbine,
Where the linnets love to dwell.
There mid beauty, Rose is happy,
Sunshine, flowers, leaves of green—
Revelling in pomp of nature,
None more happy e'er was seen.

Pit and Pat.

Written by Henry Howard Paul.

A beau I had once on a time,
A handsome fellow too;
Who wore mustaches, danced & sang
And other graces knew.
The time we met, delightful thought,
When all was hope and fear;
His heart went pit, and then went pat,
He must have felt so queer.

When next we met 'twas in a skiff
Upon a lake of blue,
He there confess'd how much he felt,
And vow'd his love was true.
His agitation, O! how sweet,
His whispers gentle, low—
His heart went pit, and then went pat,
Indeed he told me so.

'Twas in a glen we bade adieu
Just where a cypress swept,
Its branches for a trysting-place,
And where we since have wept.
The time of tremulous delight
Is over now and past;
No more his heart goes pit or pat—
Brief doth love's signal last.

The Kiss and the Tear.

Words by Henry Howard Paul.
Music by Lindley.

When I first saw the tear in thy soul-telling eye,
I'd have kiss'd it away had not others been by;
But the happy and heartless were laughing around,
And the gem of pure feeling fell cold to the ground.

As we linger'd to part where the pale moon-beam shone,
With a heart thrilling rapture to love only known,
I deem'd that nought earthly could add to my bliss,
Till thy tear's soft enchantment was lost in thy kiss.

With blessings alike, so transcendently dear,
Could I tell if I loved best the kiss or the tear;
Did I swear for the one, I'd be false to my oath,
Be it thus, then, mine own one, forgive give me both.

Constancy.

Words by E. T. Watteon,

Air—"A place in thy memory dearest."

May blessings abide with my fondest,
Wherever he goes;
May happiness sweetest and longest,
Delight his repose;
May no harm come to him ever,
May nothing cause him to fear,
May nought lead us to sever
The love we hold so dear.

Inconstancy! ne'er shall thou enter
Our heart's fond embrace,
We'll banish thee as a base tempter,
Thou worst of thy race;
We will live for each other, tho' yonder
Rough seas may divide for a while;
We'll be true to each other, and fonder,
Till hailed by each other's smile.

Those days that shall see us confessing
Our love once again,
We'll crown with remembrance's blessing,
While life shall remain;
And should ever adversity hover,
Or sadness encompass our ways,
We'll look back to dangers passed over
And then shall Hope brighten our days.

Then hasten, oh hasten, the hour
When we shall meet,
To live by Love's stronghold and tower,
So pure and sweet;
Our love—like the compass on deck—
Shall our guide be, through life's stormy sea;
With Love, we will ne'er fear a wreck,
While guided by true Constancy.

Dear Janet.

[Music—at Davidson's.]

I dream'd, dear Janet, that all the earth
Bow'd down to thy beauty's might;
The flashing meteor in heav'n had birth,
Yet envied thine eyes' sweet light;
The rosy dawn, and the blushing eve,
To thee did their light consign;
The nightingale left his rose to sing
To thy cheek its song divine,
Dear Janet, dear Janet.

And then the zephyr its spirit dress'd
In the perfume of sweet flow'rs,
And joyously to thy cheek it press'd,
And thy tresses made its bow'rs;—
It fann'd thy face, and in dreams like bliss
I pour'd forth its gentle lay,
And it stole from thy roseate lips a kiss,
Softly sighing seem'd to say,
Dear Janet, dear Janet.

When the frost wither'd I steep'd my wings
In the balm of southern skies;
And to cool my brow in summer's heat,
In realms where the cold snow lies;
And then I chang'd to the zephyr dear,
I knelt at thy beauty's shrine,
And in transport and passion breath'd the love
Of a heart that is wholly thine,
Dear Janet, dear Janet.

Turn to me, love.

Turn to me, love! the morning rays
Are glowing o'er thy languid charms;
Take one luxuriant parting gaze,
While yet I linger in thine arms.
'Twas long before the noon of night
I stole into thy bosom, dear;
And now the glance of dawning light
Has found me still in dalliance here.

Turn to me, love! the trembling gleams
Of morn along thy white neck stray;
Away, away, thou envious beams,
I'll chase you with my lips away!
Oh! is it not divine to think,—
While all around were lull'd at night,
While e'en the planets seem'd to wink,
We kept our vigils of delight?

The heart, that little world of ours,
Unlike the drowsy world of care,
Then, then awak'd its sweetest pow'rs,
And all was animation there!
Kiss me once more, and then I fly,
Our parting would to noon-day last;
There, close that languid trembling eye,
And sweetly dream of all the past!

As soon as night shall fix her seal
Upon the eyes and lips of men,
Oh, dearest! I will panting steal
To nestle in thine arms again!
Our joys shall take their stolen flight
Secret as those celestial spheres
Which make sweet music all the night
Unheard by drowsy mortal ears!

Evening.

The sun has dipt his glory
In the mighty boundless sea,
And the raging waves, so hoary,
Have eclipsed his brilliancy.
The moon comes faint and mellow
From the hazy cloud on high,
And she beams upon the billow
Where his rays are seen to die.

The stars have washed from sleeping,
And look downward on the night;
And the stilly air is weeping
From the regions of its height.
Heaven's beauty is disclosing,
As the day sinks in the west;
And the little bird is dozing
With its head upon its breast.

The zephyrs gently sighing
Through yon soul-inviting grove,
And the vows when softly dying
On the happy ear of love.
'Tis a hoped hour of feeling,
To the heart unknown to guile,
Which in some fond tale revealing,
To the maiden's sweetest smiles.

The Sailor's Home.

When riding on the mountain wave
The dauntless sailor ever brave,
A noble mind displays:
He laughs at danger, smiles on fate
And risks his life to save his mate,
Nor selfish fear betrays;
For well he knows, whate'er his doom,
The ocean is the sailor's home.

And when on shore, 'mid needy friends,
His gen'rous soul its succour lends,
To cheer their hapless lot;
When call'd from pleasures luring train
To brave the hardships of the main,
He flies and murmurs not.
For well he knows, &c.

In fight, where death terrific sways,
The sailor cheerfully obeys,
Where'er by duty called;
Tho' round him wounded messmates lie,
And tears of pity dim his eye,
He never stands appall'd.
For well he knows, &c.

Gallant English Tar.

Air.—Return of the Admiral.

There's one whose fearless courage yet
has never fail'd in fight,
Who guards with zeal his country's weal, our freedom and our right,
But tho' his strong and ready arms
spreads havoc in its blow,
Cry quarter, and that arm will be the
first to spare the foe;
He recks not, though proud glory's
shout may be the knell of death,
The triumph won, without a sigh, he
yields his parting breath
He's Britons' boast, and claims a boast,
in peace my boys, or war,
Here's to the brave upon the wave, the
gallant English tar.

Let but the sons of want come nigh
and tell their tale to him,
He'll chide their eyes for weeping, while
his own are growing dim
Cheer up, he cries, we all must meet
the storm as well as calm,
But turning on his heel, Jack slips the
guineas in their palm,
He'll hear no long oration, but tell you
every man,
Is born to act a brother's part and do
what good he can.
He's Britons' boast, &c.

The dark blue jacket that enfolds the
sailor's manly breast,
Bears more of real honour than the star
and ermine vest,
The tithe of folly on his head may make
the landsmen's mirth,
But nature proudly owns him as her
child of sterling worth,
Fill up, fillup a bumper cup, we pledge
the bold and free,
Most frank and true among life's crew,
the lion of the sea.
He's Britons' boast, &c

She shines before me like a Star.

From the Opera of "King Charles the Second."

[Music—at Cramer and Co's.]

She shines before me like a star,
By day or night, where'er I be;
A light I fain would follow far
O'er desert lands, or trackless sea.
The violet sheds, within her eyes,
Its tender hues and deep'ning dyes;
And o'er her cheek the rose of May
Delighted lends her loveliest ray.

'Tis not her beauty, heav'nly fair,
That steals each sense enwrapt away!
'Tis not those graces rich and rare—
Tho' earth may boast none dear as
they.
Face, mien, and motion, and the tone
Of voice that Love himself might own,
Upon this heart would heedless fall
Without a that shines thro' all!

Nan of Battersea.

From the Opera of "King Ch
Second."

[Music—at Cramer an

The ship in which poor
press'd
Was ready for to sail!
Nan trembling stood upon deck
To take a last farewell.
She strove to speak the words in vain,
And mute she seem'd to be;
"Cheer up," cried Tom, "I'll soon
come back
To Nan of Battersea!"

Full seven long years were past and
gone,
And fears and hopes went round,
And then the tidings came to Nan
That Tom at sea was dr own'd.
She heard the news without a tear,
So deep her misery—
And ere the week was out she died,
Poor Nan of Battersea!

The Donkey Steed.

Bill Knight is on his moke again,
To fight long Joe he's going,
Poor Sarah's at the stable gate,
And fast her tears are flowing,
Well may she bawl, for he might fall,
The moke he's never tried her,
Speed, O speed, my donkey steed,
Come up with a tramp of a rider.
(Dances to the last part of the Tune.)

And after many hours you know,
She hears the mill is o'er,
And leaves the lonely crib again,
And meets with Long Bill's brother,
Says he, 'Now come, I'll stand some
rum,'
And then drop down beside yer,
O speed, O speed, my donkey steed,
Flare up with a tramp of a rider.

She hears a lot of lushy chaps
Who swore they lost their money,
When on the hill they saw the mill,
But with long mugs look'd funny,
Then Sall cries out 'He's lost the
fight,'
Her mother falls down beside her,
When she saw indeed the donkey steed
Flaring up without a rider.

My heart is gaily beating.

Tra, la, la.
My heart's gaily beating,
Its fears are all gone;
Each jealous care fleeting,
He'll love me alone.
What joy will be mine,
How each eye will glance,
When dressed out so fine,
We lead down the dance.
Village bells ringing,
While I am singing, Tra, la, la.

Tra, la, la.
Can fortune be blind,
When she gives favours thus;
I am sure she is kind,
So to take care of us.
He'll not go to sea,
But stay happy at home;
When married to me,
He'll ne'er wish to roam.
Village bells, &c.

SONGS SUNG IN THE OPERA OF
"*THE QUEEN OF A DAY.*"
Music—at Allcroft's.

Farewell, I cannot think of thee.

Farewell, I cannot think of thee,
And check the fallen tear;
From love my heart henceforth I'll free,
With ev'ry doubt and fear.
I weep not at the wreaking wind
Nor dread the stormy sea,
Though both may prove untrue, unkind,
They're not so false as thee.

The sea runs high—the ship dips low,
The wild waves overwhelm,
The crew are lash'd above—below,
The helmsman to the helm.
Rage on, rage on, thou wreaking wind!
Roll on thou stormy sea!
Ye cannot be more false, unkind,
Than love hath been to me.

Returning from a foreign shore.

Returning from a foreign shore
To all I love the best,
Upon my native land once more
My fect contented rest.
Ah! none can tell but those who roam,
Or all the feelings prize,
When first a long forsaken home
Breaks on the truant eyes.

'Twas here my childhood's days were past,
'Twas here my youthful heart
Throbb'd with its first love and its last—
Though faded since to part.
I would not give, of this fair land,
Did all belong to me,
The little spot on which I stand
For kingdoms o'er the sea.

There is a form.

There is a form that haunts my sleep,
A face that fills my dreams,
Brigt eyes that o'er me watching keep,
But cease when morning beams,
At morn my bosom lonely feels,
My waking heart must pine,
For slumber's power alone reveals
That guardian face,—'tis thine.

There is a name, the live-long day,
That lingers on my tongue;
A voice that in my ear will stay,
With freshness ever young.
And oft that name hath murmur'd been,
When slumb'ring I recline;
The form and face my dreams have seen;
That voice and name—are thine.

Amid the songsters of the grove.

Amid the songsters of the grove
He hath the sweetest voice,
Whose thrilling lay is taught by love
To cheer his feather'd choice.

Amid the glittering stars on high,
The one that shines most bright
Is love's own star, that gems the sky
With heaven's purest light.

When Summer gaily decks the earth,
The sweetest flower that blows
(A blushing emblem of its birth)
Is love's own flower—the rose.

Oh, ask me not to tell the charm.

Oh, ask me not to tell the charms that won m. roving heart;
I'll try, though language still must fail her beauties to impart;
Her eyes were blue, and every glance a world of love express'd,
And told you more than warmest words have ever yet confess'd.

Her voice, whene'er she spoke or sung, you could not well persuade,
Of those who listen'd, which it was the sweetest music made.
Her rosy lips you'd love to kiss, but then you'd pause awhile,
Because a kiss would interrupt the sweetness of her smile.

And then the even pearly teeth her smiling would disclose,
While in her cheeks together bloom'd the lily and the rose.
Her form, nor low, nor yet too tall—and free from ev'ry art,
Was just enough to take and press her fair face 'gainst my heart.

When Cavaliers shall bear the sway.

When Cavaliers shall bear the sway,
And Roundhead days are waning,
I'll turn my coat, and do as they—
Uphold the power of reigning.
For if 'tis fair an honest man
But as he sows may reap it,
He'll get together all he can,
And when he's got it keep it.

Let fools of independence prate,
In politics most dreaded,
One's conscience is the thing to hate,
If through it you're beheaded.
For 'tis but fair an honest man
But as he sows may reap it,
If gone his head, he never can
Get anything—nor keep it.

Let change of ministry arise,
Which can't be long retarded,
My views, so liberal and wise,
Ought then to be *rewarded*.
For since 'tis fair an honest man
But as he sows may reap it,
He'll get a place, whene'er he can,
And show 'em how—to keep it.

Phillip the Falconer.

[Music—at Duff and Hodgson's.]

Young Phillip, the falconer's up with the day,
With his merlin on his arm,
And down the mill meadows has taken his way,
To hawk; and pray, where's the harm?
Phillip is stalwart, and Phillip is young,
And Phillip, they say, has a musical tongue;
The miller's young sister is fresh and is fair,
And Phillip he always is hawking there;
He vows and declares, believe it or not,
There is not in the kingdom, for herns, such a spot;
And falcons, they say, to fly true to their prey,
Should be trained in the morning early.

The miller's to market, to buy him some corn,
For work it should ne'er stand still,
A maiden is loitering under the thorn,
In the meadow below the mill;
And Phillip, grown tired of a bachelor's life,
Thinks the miller's young sister would make a good wife;
And so comes a whisper, and so comes a smile,
And then a long leave-takeing over the stile.
Oh! when he returns from market, I guess,
The miller will find he's a sister the less;
For maidens, they say, do not always say nay,
When they're asked in the morning early.

I love thee, ah! how well.

Sung by Jetty Treffz.

Why from these looks so fond, my love
Why turn with frowns away?
Why cruel still? respond, my love,
Nor all my hopes betray.
For I have loved thee dearly long—
Still love thee tenderly;
Ah! yet all joy's for ever gone,—
For ne'er thou think'st of me.
'Ah! yet all joy's, &c.

At night, when all the world's at rest,
Wakeful and sad am I;
What thoughts of sorrow tear my breast,
What grief is ever nigh.
Slow flies the time, the clock I hear
Strike one, and two, and three!
As yet, no hope my heart can cheer,
For ne'er thou think'st of me.
As yet, no hope, &c.

Read in my face those sorrows deep,
Which love writes every day,
And in my mind will vigil keep,
To snatch all rest away.
It was a fatal day, alas!
When I those charms did see,
For ah! the thought will never pass—
Thou hast no love for me.
For, ah! the thought, &c.

Then, wilt thou no fond looks bestow
On one who loves so well?
Then let me die, and cease to know
The pain of this fond spell;
And when I'm in my grave enshrined,
You'll weep, and feel for me,
For ne'er in this wide world you'll find
Who loves as I love thee!
For ne'er in this, &c.

Home of my heart.

I breathe once more my native air,
And hail each happy scene
That rises round me ev'rywhere,
As though I left but yester-e'en:
Oh! how I love thee, Erin, dear!
When roaming, on a foreign strand,
In fancy, still my steps were here,
Home of my heart! my native land!
In fancy, still, &c.

Ive found the hours so fondly sought
And weep, but these are joyous tears,
The rapture of a moment bought
By long and weary absent years.
Oh! how I love, &c.

Christmas.

Laughing eyes, and merry faces,
Beam with joyous mirth around;
In all the old familiar places,
Dear and welcome friends are found.
High steams the mighty wassail bowl,
Swiftly round the gay toasts pass;
Each with rapture, from his soul,
Drinks to his chosen favourite lass.

In each happy festive hall,
They revel there without alloy;
The hearts of rich and poor and all,
Are full of happiness and joy.
Joyous groups of the young and true,
Sport in glee without thought or care,
Friends of old, and friends but new,
Mingle in love together there.

The huge log burns with ruddy light,
And merry voices flow with song;
The tapers gleam forth clear and bright,
And gaily illume the mirthful throng.
Music's tuneful notes are sounding,
And to its strains they trip it merrily;
Heels as light as hearts are bounding,
And laughter echoes loud & cheerily.

Hark! the chime of the old church bell
Warns them to leave the jovial cheer;
'Tis time to bid the host farewell,
And wish him a merry, happy year!
Hands are prest, kind words are spoken,
And farewell is said at last;
To each is given some little token,
To preserve the memory of the past.

It was a Dream.

It was a dream of perfect bliss,
Too beautiful to last;
I seemed to welcome back again
The bright days of the past.—
I was a boy: my mimic ship
Sail'd down the village stream,
And I was gay and innocent:
But ah! it was a dream.

And soon I left the childish toy
For those of manhood's choice—
The beauty of a woman's form,
The sweetness of her voice.
I thought she gave me blameless love,
The nurseling of esteem;
And that I merited such love:
But ah! it was a dream.

I saw my falsehood wound her heart;
I saw her cheek grow pale:
But o'er her fate the vision threw
A bright delusive veil;
I thought she lived, and that I saw
Our bridal torches gleam,
And I was happy with my bride:
But ah! it was a dream.

When you and I were young.

Let us wander, let us wander
To the scenes of youth again—
Let our mem'ries kindly ponder
On each half-forgotten strain;
On our pathway, strewed with flowers, love,
On the merry songs we sung,
And the joys that then were ours, love,
When you and I were young.

For though Time is onward stealing,
And his mantle's o'er us flung,
He can ne'er erase the feeling,
That you and I were young.

Let us conjure up the faces
Of each old companion now;
Though old Time hath left the traces
Of his hand upon each brow.
Now other friends, as cherished,
Beside our hearths have sprung;
But their mem'ry never perish'd,
Since you and I were young.

And though Time, &c.

Let us still call back the season
Of mirth and wit gone by,
When pleasure, lit by reason,
Beam'd in every youthful eye.
Since then the ring—a token—
In life's dark sea we flung:
But love's links are still unbroken,
As they were when we were young.

Yes, though Time, &c.

I love her! how I love her!

I love her! how I love her!
Tho' mine, alas! she ne'er can be!
The sun that shines above her
Is far less bright to me.
Though time by tears I measure,
I prize my fatal treasure,
And find a fatal pleasure,
In suffering, love, for thee.

Deep, deep in my breast I conceal
The fierce flame that consumes me;
Ne'er, ne'er to thee shall my lips reveal
All the torments I feel.
The voice of honour I obey,
It speaks in Friendship's sacred name;
And to my heart alone I say
I love her! how I love her! &c.

Mary, I believed thee true.

Air—"Galla Water."

Mary, I believed thee true,
And I was blest in thus believing;
But now I mourn that e'er I knew
A girl so fair, yet so deceiving.
Few have ever loved like me;
Oh! I have loved thee too sincerely!
And few have e'er deceived like thee,
Alas! deceived me too severely.

Fare thee well! yet think awhile
On one whose bosom bleeds to doubt thee;
Who now would rather trust that smile,
And die with thee than live without thee.
Fare thee well! I'll think on thee,
Thou leav'st me many a bitter token;
For see, distracting woman, see
My peace is gone, my heart is broken.

I should like to be a Policeman.

Some folks may talk about a trade,
And the joys that from it spring, sir,
But after you my words have weigh'd
You'll say its no such thing, sir.
Tho' at me you may jeer and laugh,
My joys think to decrease man,
But I mean to say (and I do not chaff),
I should like to be a policeman.
Taking up, and knocking down,
Your noise and bother cease, man,
Oh, wont I come it jolly brown,
When I'm a new policeman.

Of the boys I'd be the terror, mind,
The fruit stalls too, I'd fell 'em,
And disturbances of every kind,
I with my staff would quell 'em
A "charge" would be as good as pelf,
My pleasures 'twould increase man,
For I'll make the "charges" up myself,
When I'm a new policeman,
Taking up &c.

To the kitchen maids like wax I'd stick,
And tho' I'm not a glu ton,
(The thought on't makes me my chops lick)
Oh, I likes a bit of mutton.
When in my toggery I'm arrayed,
From me there's no release, man,
The boldest of me would be afraid,
If I was a new policeman,
Taking up. &c.

A drunken man's a chance I'd hail,
It would me e'er delight sir,
To search him well I would not fail:
For right is naught to might, sir,
I'd turn his pockets inside out,
And quickly would him flee, man,
And who would dare to harbour doubt,
Against a new policeman.
Taking up, &c.

The cracksmen too, should tip to me,
Or else I soon would "lag" 'em,
But if they did I should not see—
That is, I should not "stag" 'em,
And if amusement I should lack,
Tho I'm one that likes the peace, man
A pate or two I'd surely crack,
I should like to be a policeman,
Taking up, &c.

The prospect does me much delight,
I mount on wings of joy, sir,
It does to wealth and fame invite,
And pleasure without alloy, sir
When I'm established in the force,
I'll have a bob a piece, man,
From lushy swells, or I'll lock 'em up,
I should like to be a policeman.
Taking up &c.

Trot, trot.

Air—"Trab, trab."

To find my mistress dear, I
Put forward my best foot,
Till both had grown so weary,
I've no best first to put!
But whether best or not,
While any foot I've got
I'll tramp, tramp, tramp, like Jetty Treffs,
And trot, trot, trot, trot.

Of legs I've not the worst pair,
Perhaps that e'er was seen,
Besides they are the first pair
On which, as yet, I've been,
But give in, I would not,
Though on my *last* I'd got.
I'd tramp, tramp, &c.

Will you love me now and then?

Air—"Will you love me then as now?"

Do you think that you can love me,
Without knowing what I'm like?
Will you undertake to wed me,
And a bargain blindly strike?
May I hope that you will pardon,
This proposal blunt and strange;
That you'll not refuse a sovereign,
Nor that sovereign wish to change?
Will you meet me here to-morrow,
And if not, why not? and when?
Will you love me then as now, or,
Will you love me now and then?

Hark away.

I COURT not wealth, I court not power,
I scorn the giddy town,
I'd rather pass each fleeting hour
In solitude unknown,
Except when the merry merry horn,
Breath'd forth its roundelay,
And the smile on the blooming face of morn,
Cheers all with a hark away.

There's many a chase within the world
But ye soon receive a fall,
Down from the courser, Fame, we're hurled,
And sorrows power's unhale.
But, then, still the merry, &c,
So let me seek but health and peace,
A fig for care and strife.
For pleasures beauties must increase.
In the joys of a country life.
For there be sweet and merry &c.

The dream is past.

THE dream is past—and with it fled
The hope that once my passion fed!
And darkly die 'mid grief and pain,
The joys which gone, come not again;
My soul, in silence and in tears,
Has cherished now for many years
A love for one who does not know,
The thoughts that in my bosom glow.

Oh! cease, my heart—thy throbbing hide—
Another soon will be his bride;
And hope's last faint, but cheering, ray
Will then for ever pass away,
They cannot see the silent tear,
That falls unchecked when none are near
Nor do they mark the smothered sigh:
That leaves my breast when they are by,

I know my cheek is paler now,
And smiles no longer deck my brow,
'Tis youth's decay, 'twill soon begin
To tell the thoughts that dwell within;
Oh, let me rouse my sleeping pride,
And from his gaze my feeling hide;
He shall smile—to think that I
With love for him could pine and die.

I Wish I had a thousand a year.

I WISH I'd a thousand a-year,
How happy and joyous I'd be;
O, nothing should I have to fear,
And sorrow would vanish from me.
I'd help both the poor and distressed,
And dry the lone widow's sad tear;
The orphans that mourn should be blest,
If I had a thousand a-year.
O, I wish I'd a thousand a-year!

No matter what here might betide,
If providence blessed me with health
Doing good should be ever my pride,
And then would I scatter my wealth.
All this would I do, do you see,
The hungry and naked to cheer;
All around should be happy and free,
If I had a thousand a-year.
O, I wish I'd a thousand a-year!

So now, my friends, take my advice,
If charity's cause should appear,
Do your best, aye, and that will suffice,
As though you'd a thousand a-year.
You'll then have the thanks of the poor,
And, with them, warm gratitude's tear;
O, nothing would I covet more,
If I had a thousand a-year.
O, I wish I'd a thousand a-year!

My hearts on the Rhine.

MY hearts on the Rhine, my dear native land,
My hearts on the Rhine, where my lov'd cot doth stand.
Where the light hours of youth pass'd so joyous away,
And my heart bounded lightly through each golden day.
Oh, sweet was the phantom of life's early dreams,
The mountain, the valley, the flowers the streams,
And though far I may roam, round my heart they entwine,
My heart, my heart, oh, my heart's on the Rhine.
Oh, sweet was each morn, when by zephyr caress'd,
The birds and the flowers arose from their rest,
And the bright sun-beams danc'd o'er each fountain and spray,
And nature rejoiced in such fresh coming day,
Oh, land of my youth still for thee I repine
Though far away I may roam my heart, oh, my hearts on the Rhine.

Bright Phœbus.

BRIGHT Phœbus has mounted the chariot of day,
And the horns and the hounds call each sportsman away:
Thro' woods and thro' meadows with speed now they bound,
While health, rosy health, is in exercise found.

CHORUS.

Each hill and each valley is lovely to view,
While puss flies the covert, and dogs quick pursue.
Behold where she flies o'er the wide-spreading plain,
While the loud opening pack pursue her amain.

At length puss is caught, and lies panting for breath,
And the shout of the huntsman's the signal for death:
No joys can delight like the sports of the field;
To hunting all pastimes and pleasures must yield.

When I played those tricks so Charming.

A parody on "As I view those scenes so charming."

WHEN I play'd those tricks so charming,
With squibs and crackers old Wigsby warming,
In Guy Fawkes's and Jacks in boxes,
I invested—I invested all my tin,
Guys as ugly still round me grin,
But those days—but those days don't come again!
Man the bright squibs of childhood spurning,
Other wheels than "Catherine" turning,
To increase his fortune yearning,
Scheme on scheme sees explode and pass away—
Worse than ever his fingers burning,
No fun at all, and lots to pay.

And that's the way she served me out.

(TUNE, "*Regent Street.*")

SOME poets praise the ladies fair;
Their beauty, wisdom, modest air:
But oh, if they had got a wife
Like mine, I'm sure they'd curse their life.
The very week that we were wed,
My mind was filled by her with dread;
She 'gan to sneer, and jeer, and flout,
And that's the way she served me out.

I soon beheld in her a shrew,
My blighted bliss began to rue:
Her mind was fixed on balls and plays,
Instead of home's domestic ways:
And if by chance I said a word,
She soon replied "'Tis quite absurd!
I'll go where'er I please, you lout!"
And that's the way she served me out.

My wife, like others, night and day,
Would dress in silks, in fashion gay;
And then, by way of airing, swell
In Regent Street and famed Pall Mall.
My hard-earned cash so quickly went!
But she, alas! was not content:
My clothes she soon put up the spout:
Yes, that's the way she served me out.

Soon after this 'twas my fate to see
A friend of hers she asked to tea,
And said, in artful, modest tones,
"I introduce my cousin Jones."
But Cousin Jones soon proved to be
My wife's most ardent lover; he
Would meet her oft at ball or rout,
And that's the way she served me out.

But fate exchanged my woe to bliss—
My wife fled me: 'twas happiness;
And should I once again be free,
I'll live in peaceful liberty:
For of all the evils of this life,
There's none to equal a bad wife;
They'll tease you, vex you, sneer and flout,
And that's the way they'll serve you out

Vegetarian dishes.

In this great Exhibition again,
Some novelty or other rages,
We hear of strange and wondrous rumours,
Of Vegetarians, and Bloomers;
We hear how one lives on the quiet,
Contented with vegetable diety—
Leaving the Bloomers, then, their breeches,
We'll turn to Vegetation's dishes.

Friend Harry Green asked his relations,
To come and share his homely rations,
First telling them that he had taken
The pledge to leave off meat and bacon.
To Harry's house they sped with wonder,
Thinking he must have made some blunder,
But very soon their doubts were over,
As Harry's spouse removed the cover.

"This centre dish," said he, "I relish—
A noble's table 'twould embellish—
A pudding, made of finest spinach,
Surpassing many a meal at Greenwich;
This tartlet is of purest onions,
(An inward cure for corns and bunions,)
This French-bean pie is recommended,
So many tastes are with it blended.

This dish of roasted cauliflowers,
Has not been thought of many hours,
Eaten with lettuce sauce, and parsley,
I own I like the flavor vastly.
I've cabbage dumplings—boiled cucumber—
And parsnip patties without number,
Then these baked turnips, nicely basted,
You'll value much, when once you've tasted."

Friend Harry's praises thus were thick'ning,
Till they became completely sick'ning,
At length, a guest, (one of his brothers,)
Ventured to speak for all the others;—
Said he, "We pray you to excuse us,
(Unless you've asked us, to abuse us,)
Your food's not fit for court or garret,
We'll not so much as take a carrot."

With this, they one and all departed,
Leaving him almost broken hearted;
And now, he cursed, with bitter passion,
His love for *vegetable* fashion.
"Fool that I've been for thus refusing,
The meat that's sent for man's own using,
All think I've turned barbarian,
By turning Vegetarian!"

[*E. T. Wattson.*

A Chapter on Light.

Though nigger melodies have been the rage,
And "darkie" songs have almost stormed the town,
I really don't see any reason why
A *lighter* kind of song should not go down.

We take a walk by *gas light*, and we see,
Cigar lights morethan we could think,
Though some prefer a *pipe light*—genuine clay!
And some get *light* with heavy wet they drink.

Some look upon the "*light of other days*,"
And wish they were not now so *light in cash*,
While others, with *light hearts*, fond pleasures seek,
Not dreaming such *light joys* oft bring a crash.

Policemen, with their *lantern lights*, can see
Down *area lights*, for thieves, while on their beat,
But think you not the *light of maiden's eyes*
More often tempts them—or a joint of meat?

Light finger'd gentlemen are sometime caught,
And think themselves not *lightly treated* too,
If placed where *daylight* seldom visits them,
Or where they bid fond liberty adieu.

By the dim *rush-light* slaves the semstress girl,
Who gets but *lightly paid* for hours of toil,
While those who wear her handiwork, ne'er think
On her—but *lightly dance* at crowded ball.

By *twilight* lovers like to stray abroad,
And oft return by *starlight's* twinkling gleam,
Unless, perchance, the *moonlight* lends her aid,
To guide them, with post chaise, to Gretna Green.

The tax on *window light* we've paid too long,
The *light of common sense* has told us that
But has we're not *lightheaded* on that score,
We don't intend again to be so flat.

Wax lights,—*sky-lights*,—are each to use applied,
Fan-lights,—*torch lights*,—are useful in their way;
And though there was so much fuss about *light gold*,
'Tis "*lighter where there's none*" I'll dare to say.

Light food and exercise are good for health
And *congreve lights* will instantly ignite
Then "*strike a light*,"—admit these *lightsome lines*
Have "*thrown a light on the subject*,"
—LIGHT.

[*E. T. Wattson.*

Little Kathleen.

[Music—at Williams's.]

Little Kathleeen was wooed by a score,
Sighing, caressing and teasing her;
But scorn on her fair brow she wore,
Sure none of the lot could be pleasing her:—
But in treating the lads all alike,
Poor Dermot came in for a frown,
So he gave way to Terry and Mike
And trudg'd with sad heart from the town.

Ah! me, when the lad was away,
She felt how her heart was deceiving her,
And she hoped he might come back some day,
Sure never again to be leaving her.
Oh! the months and the years that he stayed,
When another came too,—'twas his bride,
May you prosper Mavourneen she pray'd,
But ere I'd seen it I'd died.

[*H. T. Craven.*

Bye-gone Years.

Air—"Bride's Farewell."

Long an exile, long a ranger,
Say to cheer me thou art come;
Tell me, oh; thou English stranger,
Tell me of my far off home.
Tell me of that little village,
Tho' the tale may cost me tears,
Tell me of my old companions,
Tell me of the bye-gone years.
Tell me, &c.

Tell me not of fame and glory,
All beloved ones, where are they?
Tell me any little story
Of my parents far away;
Speak of those left in gladness,
Wake cold memory to the past,
Speak nor fear, I'm used to sadness,
Say have they all gone at last.
Tell me, &c.

Tell me of that one I cherish'd,
Sleeps she too, among the dead?
She has gone, then hope has perish
Every tie of life has fled.
Anguish in my bosom aching,
Yet no tear-drop dims my
Tho' I feel my heart-strings breaking,
Still how calmly can I die.

For you have told me of that village,
Where my childhood knew no tears,
You have told me of old companions,
You have told me of bye-gone years.

[*J. A. Hardwicke.*

The Harp in the air.

[Music—at Cramer and Co's.]

I hear it again,
'Tis the harp in the air!
It hangs on the walls,
Of the old Moorish halls,—
Though none know its minstrel,
Or how it came there.
Listen! listen!
'Tis the harp in the air!
It telleth the days that are faded and gone;
It tells of the brave,
Of the lovely and fair,
Of a warrior's grave—
Of a maiden's despair
There! there!
List, pilgrim, list!—'tis the harp in the air!

You'll hear it at night,
When the moon shineth bright,
You'll hear it at dawn,
In the grey twilight;
Tho' none know its minstrel,
Or how it came there.
Listen! listen!
It telleth the days that are faded and gone;
It tells of a knight,
Of a young Moorish maid,
Of a broken plight,
And a heart betray'd
There! there!
List, pilgrim, list!—'tis the harp in the air!

Love and Frendship.

Away, light vows of woman's love,
Falsely sweet—deceitful ever,
You weave a flow'ry chain to prove,
How easy 'tis their links to sever.

But come, sweet frendship's sacred tie,
And bind my heart in joy for ever,
The flowers of love soon fade and die,
But those of frendship wither never.

In that devotion.

[Music—at Cramer and Co's.]

In that devotion which we breathe,
And struggle to disguise,
Though bright the surface, underneath
A deeper passion lies;
The charm his words and acts reveal,
Soars all belief above,
And I for gratitude must feel
What others feel for love!

The soul, with such devotion warm,
May thus aspire unbid,
To prove that in an angel's form
A demon's heart is hid;
But still the charm his words reveal
Soars all belief above,
And I for gratitude must feel
What others feel for love.

The Prophet his standard was rearing.

[Music—at Cramer and Co's.]

The prophet his standard was rearing
Beneath the morning sun—
The king, in his gallant careering,
Had vowed it should be won!
And amidst their weapons glancing,
Through ranks of banded foes,
With courage undaunted advancing,
He fell beneath their blows.

In infidel dungeon declining,
His days are passed, 'tis said,
And then, after torture and pining,
He dwells among the dead;
But, e'en the lightning outbursting
A cloud of o'ercharged sky,
His spirit for liberty thirsting
Shall doom them yet to die.

They who would still be happy.

[Music—at Cramer and Co's.]

They who would still be happy, must
But little in the future trust!
Tho' cloud, nor gale, the sky deform,
A moment after breaks the storm;
And thunders roll, and lightnings play
O'er what before was brightest day:
And wreck'd has bark been on the strand,
With many havens near at hand.

Yon rose, of unalloyed perfume,
An inward canker may consume:
Its verdure, morning's freshening dew
May waken into life anew;
And balmy sigh of eve may close
Its leaves into a false repose,
But long ere summer wing its flight,
That rose will droop beneath its blight!

Let me like a soldier fall.

[Music—at Chappell and Co's.]

Oh, let me like a soldier fall
Upon some open plain;
This breast expanding for the ball
To blot out every stain;
Brave, manly hearts, confer my doom,
That gentler ones may tell,
Howe'er forgot, unknown my tomb,
I like a soldier fell.

I only ask of that proud race,
Which ends its blaze in me;
To die the last, and not disgrace
Its ancient chivalry.
Tho' o'er my clay no banner wave,
Nor trumpet requiem swell;
Enough, they murmur at my grave,
He like a soldier fell.

The mighty Sea my Realm shall be.

[Music—at Ransford's.]

The mighty sea
My realm shall be,
This fragile bark my regal throne,
I'll have no slaves,
For yon free waves
Obey the lord they long have known.
What sounds are these?
A coming breeze,
My snowy wings expand for flight;
And there shall be
No canopy
But the blue sky for me to-night.
The mighty sea, &c.

I scorn the land;
Upon its sand
Men raise their hopes, their fears, their fame;
Time sheds its bloom
O'er trophied tomb,
Then who can trace the noblest name?
Here day and night
My heart is light;
And when my hand resigns the helm,
Then welcome death:
I'll sleep beneath
Thy moaning waves, my ocean realm.
The mighty sea, &c.

Song of the Sexton.

[Music—at Ransford's.]

Oh, the sights that I see as I ply my trade,
In the mouldering dust that a century hath made,
Where the coffin-worm doth creep.
I began long ago, when my life was still green,
And my mattock and spade have been active, I ween,
To fashion the grave so deep.
Ho! I laugh as I dig, for they all seek my aid,
To provide them a home with my mattock and spade.

The rich man hath pass'd me with towering head,
But I sung o'er his grave when the scorner was dead,
And I laugh'd as I shovel'd the mould.
The hungry and wretched ne'er entered his door,
His heart never bled for the wrongs of the poor,
For the proud man loved his gold.
Ho! I laugh'd as I dug, for they wanted my aid,
To provide him a home with my mattock and spade.

I saw a young man in the fresh bloom of life,
As he came to the church with a trembling young wife,
Lift against me the finger of scorn.
Oh, the revel was joyous, the dance lasted long;
But the shriek of the widow soon banished the song,
The young man died ere morn.
Ho! I laugh'd as I dug, when they came for my aid,
To provide him a home with my mattock and spade.

I saw afair child bend her beautiful head,
And cull the lone flowers that bloom o'er the dead,
To form a simple wreath.
The crimson of hectic suffused her pale face;
In her eye's fearful lustre I trembled to trace
The herald of early death.
But I pray that ere then the deep home I have made
May close over me and my mattock and spade.

O, Lucy, Darling.

[Music—at D'Almaine and Co's.]

O, Lucy, darling! you are so charming,
It's quite alarming how I love you,
With fifty more though I should be flirting,
There's no diverting my heart so true.
Where'er I wander, on you I ponder
Still growing fonder I fear I'll be;
In mind and feature, you're just the creature
That's form'd by nature to bother me.

Not Cleopatra—though proud to please her
Was Julius Cæsar, that bold Roman boy;
Nor beauteous Helen, who made the Grecians
To lose their patience at the siege of Troy!
Not all the fair ones in heathen story
Deserves such glory, I'll take my oath,
If there were two such, I'd be an elf, sure,
Beside myself, sure, and marry both.

I first loved thee.

[Music—at Wybrow's.]

As steals the dew along the flow'r,
So stole thy smile on me;
I cannot tell the day nor hour,
I first loved thee!
But now, in ev'ry scene and clime,
In change of grief or glee,
I only measure from the time
I first loved thee!
I only measure, &c.

The wide world has one only spot,
Where I would wish to be;
Where all the rest of life forgot,
I first loved thee!
But now, in ev'ry scene and clime,
In change of grief or glee,
I only measure from the time
I first loved thee!

The Sailor's Funeral.

[Music—at Cramer and Co's.]

The moonbeam's cast a holy light
Upon the sailor's grave,
As in the mid-watch of the night
They cast him to the wave:
They sadly paced the silent deck,
And slowly breathed the prayer
Ere to the deep they cast the wreck,
Of him once gayest there.

While on the deck his corse remained,
The funeral dirge they sung,
The flag—whose honor he ne'er stained,
Upon his corse they flung;
They thought of those he'd left behind
On the dim and far off shore,
And of her who pray'd that ev'ry wind
The lost one would restore.

At length the funeral pray'r was read,
I saw his comrades weep,
As they lowered him down to his ocean bed
In the lone and trackless deep:
One ripple stirred the waveless sea,
One splash—and all was o'er;
And where the sailor's grave may be,
There's none can mark it more.

The gardener's calendar.

A woman's like a garden, and when
love I make.
The gardener's calendar I study
take.
The rules are full of right and reason,
And I find 'em by no means over
one or season.

What a very many things in a book
about the garden,
If you want to make love, you ever
will see!

January's dreary and when a loss you're
found,
And for cultivating her heart you
think of your ground.
Watch her with care, do your sowing
to sow,
And tell her her knee salmon you
wish to be.

What a very, &c.

In February, then, as this hero welcome
declares,
You will find it the month for prais-
ing peas.
Now form your plots, have spade and
barrow in,
Dig away at her heart, and then begin
your harrowing.

What a very, &c.

In March and April rather warmer's
the skies,
And love, like a tater, takes root at
the eyes;
Though woman in her April may add
leave its fun,
Never mind, you soon may have a
little sun.

What a very, &c.

The next month comes in sandy array,
Those 'roses' mean't before, now it
be all 'Miss!'
Now, of your thyme attend care to
taking,
And don't do no boeing, and leave off
raking.

What a very, &c.

At June and July I take a glance
cursory.
Now turn your thoughts—only the
pursery.
And ive very tender annuals for
prepare,
And in the ive stock show moisture
care.

What a very, &c.

At August and September the pays
I tell,
Study your wife's heartsease, she'll
study your ills;
Your pinches she'll look to—not
provoke she spares;
Your sowing she'll do, and find out the
tares.

What a very, &c.

In October and November they are
now laundries,
Watch and train up young shoots,
and prune away branches;
Superfluous leaves look and be their
use master.
And let 'em know how many ioas will
go to an acre.

What a very, &c.

December comes last. Nature, she
grieves,
With a wreaths of ros, and, like coo,
ends her leaves.
And woman at life's close makes a
man of become;
To be nice worth a sigh, or else worth a
sneer.

What a very, &c.

Oh, the mutton was so raw.

Now's your time for nuts and cider,
A supper once was given here—
A fair was coming and a-coming,
There was plenty of work for poor
Betty.

Ride, ranty, tanty—ho, ha, ha,
Because the mutton was so raw!

Ho, ho, ho—ha, ha, ha.

It was the ox that gave the meat;
He invited all the street.
There was Mr. Kelly and the
Upon a roasted ox for dinner.

On a toasted, &c.

A tailor was invited there,
He came too late for the supper—
Spent eighteen-pence in half an hour,
When meat was all gone.

Ride, ranty, &c.

He swore he would eat a pickaxe raw,
He swore the handles, &c.

Ride, &c.

On the table stood a pie,
Three poor sailor sat by it with eyes;
The hoopoe to have a slice all round,
But the landlord showed him it to be
fair.

But the landlord, &c.

He swore he would eat a pickaxe raw,
Ride, &c.

Then the maid threatened to land
Until it came down; [down:
The mistress she being very ill
"Cook," said she, "Oh, mince with
Betty."

"Cook," said she, &c.

Then on kitchen-dance she clops her
paw.

Ride, &c.

The poor little maid.

[Music as Pinecombe and Alcon'd]

When a poor little maid from her
service return,
Cause she can not pleas, in rest
all the day,
Sees a-cry still parent for, do all
else,
And the form bears the shape of a
[illegible]
By neighbours with whisper, "O
dear [illegible]"
The poor little maid is a very sad
way.

By neighbours, &c.

When of all her old friends she begins
to grow shy,
When she speaks very seldom, and
speaks with a sigh,
When the wind or wag she appears
like a dread,
And for its wonder what's come to the
girl at once.

Sly neighbours, &c.

But oh, when the weeping from with
her mother
This handsome young man, in love's
flame,
She endeavours all her friends, laughs
away all her cares,
Seems so long as a dream, but more
witty and wise.

Sly neighbours then whisper, How
changed since the day
She arrived! To us all it's a very bad
way.

The poor little maid.

A very [illegible]

With [illegible]

The gardener's calendar.

A woman's like a garden, and when love I make,
The gardener's calendar I always take.
The rules are full of right and reason,
And I find 'em by no means never out of season.

What a very many things in a book about the garden,
If you want to make love, you ever will see!

January's first; and when a lass you've found,
And for cultivating her heart you think of your ground,
Watch her with care, do your axing to she,
And tell her her husbandman you wish to be.
What a very, &c.

In February, then, so this here volume declares,
You will find is the month for grafting pears,
Now form your plots, have spade and barrow in,
Dig away at her heart, and then begin your harrowing.
What a very, &c.

In March and April rather warmer's the skies,
And love, like a tater, takes root at the eyes;
Though woman in her April may shed tears like fun,
Never mind, you soon may have a little sun.
What a very, &c.

The next month comes in gaudy array
Though 'twas 'musn't' before, now it is all 'May.'
Now, of your thyme strict care be taking,
And don't do no hoeing, and leave off raking.
What a very, &c.

At June and July I take a glance cursory.
Now turn your thoughts unto the nursery,
And for very tender annuals now prepare,
And to the live stock show unkimmon care.
What a very, &c.

At August and September the pages I lift.
Study your wife's heartsease, she'll study your thrift;
Your patches she'll look to—nor trouble she spares;
Your sowing she'll do, and find out the tares.
What a very, &c.

In October and November my fingers now launches.
Watch and train up young shoots, and prune stray branches;
Superfluous leaves lop, and be their law maker,
And let 'em know how many rods will go to an acre.
What a very, &c.

December comes last. Nature, she grieves,
With a wisage of rue, and, like me, ends her leaves;
And woman at life's close makes a man oft become,
To be nôt worth a fig, or else worth a plum.
What a very, &c.

(James Bruton.)

Oh, the mutton was so raw.

Now's your time for mirth and glee
A supper once was given free—
All was welcome that was willing
For to come and spend a shilling.
For to come &c.
There was plenty of work for your under jaw.

Rude, crude, rude,—ha, ha, ha,
Because the mutton was so raw,
He, he, he—ha, ha, ha.

It was the fox that gave the feast;
He invited all the guest;
There was Mr. Kelly and the parson
On a roasted pig did fasten.
On a roasted, &c.

A tailor was invited there.
He came too late for his share—
Spent eighteen-pence in half an hour,
Which made the snip look very sour.
Which made, &c.
He swore his bodkin he would draw.
Rude, &c.

On the table stood a pie,
There poor tailor fix'd his eye;
He thought to have a slice all round it;
But the landlord shoved him from it.
But the landlord, &c.
He swore he would eat a jackass raw.
Rude, &c.

Then for the maid they gathered round
Untill it came to half-a-crown;
The mistress she being very witty,
'Zooks,' said she, 'I'll snack with Betty;'
'Zooks,' said she, &c.
Then on fifteen-pence she claps her paw.
Rude, &c.

The poor little maid.

[Music at Duncombe and Moon's.]

When a poor little maid feels her senses astray,
Cannot sleep on her pillow, or rest all the day,
Sees a form still pursue her, do all she can,
And this form bears the shape of a handsome young man,
Sly neighbours will whisper, 'Oh, dear, lack-a-day,
The poor little maid's in a very sad way.'
Sly neighbours, &c.

When of all her old friends she begins to grow shy,
When she speaks very seldom, and speaks with a sigh;
When, tho' witty or wise, she appears like a dunce,
And folks wonder what's come to the girl all at once,
Sly neighbours, &c.

But oh, when the wedding ring with her unites
This handsome young man, in love's blissful delights,
She enchants all her friends, laughs away all her sighs,
Seems no longer a dunce, but more witty and wise.
Sly neighbours then whisper, 'How changed since the day
She appear'd to us all in a very bad way.'

The queer little man.

[Music at Ransford's.]

A very little man, very 'how came you so,'
Went home on a dingy night;
It was past twelve o'clock. He'd a long way to go,
And he walked like a crab, left and right.
At the corner of a lane, quite a lonely retreat,
He saw something tall and as white as a sheet;
He shook and he shivered,
His teeth chattered, and lips quivered,
And with fear as well as fuddling, he stagger'd to and fro,
This queer little man who'd a great way to go.

This queer little man then fell on his knees,
With fright you'll suppose half dead:
And as on it he looked, it o'ertopped the trees,
And had two scaucer eyes in its head.
When a very deathlike voice said, in a very drear tone,
'With me you must go, for your grave's nearly done,'
He shook and he shivered, [ered.
His teeth chattered, and lips quiv-
Then he cried, 'Oh, good hobgoblin, I pray your mercy show
To a queer little man who's a long way to go.

The queer little man he fell flat as a flail.
A great explosion heard he;
And jumped up in a crack, for a cracker at his tail
Set him capering just like a parched pea.
From around the goblin's head burst some long streams of fire,
And the cracker once spent, left him sprawling in the mire.
Some wags ('twas a wacker)
Thus, with turnip, squib, and cracker,
Cured, through fear of all his fuddling, completely, you must know,
This queer little man who'd a long way to go.

A young lady's "No!"

What! ask me at once, and for ever,
To quit the loved home of my youth,
To sever the fond ties of kindred,
And trust to your love and your truth!
Perhaps, never more to revisit
The haunts of my happiest years;
Or those whose kind friendship has cheer'd me,
When sorrow has wakened my tears.

I'll try, when a few years pass over,
Wherever you wish me to go;
But old ties so sweetly enthrall me,
That now I can only say "No!"

Oh! start not away in such anger,
Nor call me inconstant, unkind;
And leave me not just at this moment,
For scarcely I know my own mind.
I wish not to fail in my promise,
To banish for you each regret,
To leave the sweet scenes of my childhood,
That never my heart can forget.
I would not, if possible, grieve you;
My feelings, perhaps, you may guess;
O'erwhelm'd by contending affections,
I said "No"—but I think I meant
"Yes!"